

THE ARTIGUM of the MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL ART SCHOOL



SARGENT NUMBER

FIFTEEN CENTS

The ARTGUM

of the MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL



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Fifteen Cents

Foreword

In this issue of the Art Gum, no attempt has been made to do what the "Mentor," the "Arts Magazine," and similar periodicals have done in tribute to John Singer Sargent.

It simply strives to reveal to you Mr. Sargent as a fellow being, a friend, and sympathizer, withal—a man.

*“High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned.*

—Wordsworth.



JOHN SINGER SARGENT



Vol. IV.

Boston, Massachusetts, November, 1925

No. 1

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

Every great artist must necessarily be a great man in his human relationships, and one of the outstanding qualities of John Singer Sargent was his sympathetic appreciation of humanity. His greatness consisted not only of his great aesthetic power and expression, but his kindness and sympathy with young artists in their difficulties, and no one knows the number of young artists who directly owe so much of their success to Mr. Sargent's kindly help and sympathy. He was always doing little simple acts of kindly friendliness.

The story of Dan Nolan and his picture is a characteristic example of Mr. Sargent's kindly sympathy. Dan Nolan was Mr. Bailey's (of the Copley Gallery) right hand man and he had the occasion to do some particular work for Mr. Sargent in regard to a canvas which Mr. Sargent was very particular about. Dan did this work very much to Mr. Sargent's satisfaction and when Mr. Sargent asked for the bill, Dan, feeling that it was an honor to do something for Mr. Sargent, refused to accept any payment. Mr. Sargent, much concerned, tried to persuade him to accept; Dan still refused. Finally Mr. Sargent said: "Well, I must do something for you. Come up to my studio and I will paint your mug." (This was Mr. Sargent's expression for painting a face.) Of course the invitation was accepted and the portrait was duly

painted and became the proud possession of Dan. At this time Mr. Sargent was refusing every offer from multi-millionaires in Boston and vicinity to paint their picture and one day a flustered gentleman came to Mr. Bailey and wanted to know why Mr. Sargent would not paint his picture. He had offered him a large sum of money and Mr. Sargent had refused; he wanted to know why it was. Dan Nolan who was standing by remarked to the man: "There are ways of having it done. Mr. Sargent has just painted my picture."

At a week end spent at my home in Arlington, I had occasion to feel and realize the power of Mr. Sargent's sympathetic nature in touching the heart of a small boy. At dinner the first evening my youngest, a boy of twelve, had just met Mr. Sargent, and in the course of dinner he leaned over to his mother and whispered to her: "Mother, I love Mr. Sargent; he has such kind eyes." The next day, Sunday, I had planned to show the beauties of Arlington Heights, but it turned to be one of those fickle days of New England; rather heavy rain started in and promised to continue the whole day. Mr. Sargent, having exhausted all the possibilities of the inside of the house, suggested that we spend the time in making a drawing of my portico which consisted of a number of columns and rounded cornices

making rather an architectural effect. So Mr. Sargent, my second boy, and myself proceeded to make drawings. For the interest of the art student, I wish to draw your attention to Mr. Sargent's method of working and attacking a problem of this sort. With all his so-called "virtuosity" and power of being able to do a thing rapidly and without any effort, his method I found was of the most exacting and painstaking study of the particular thing, measuring and verifying everything before his pencil touched the paper. In fact, we spent two solid hours in drawing this portico. Sargent, groaning in spirits and under his breath apparently saying strong words, said: "Oh, that line will not come right." It was a revelation to me to see how absolutely careful and painstaking was every effort he made to have it as absolutely and nearly right before making a line. After he had determined just where the line should be, then his pencil made a quick, sharp, incisive stroke, but it was after the most careful placing before this was done. The great secret of Mr. Sargent's so-called "virtuosity" and facility with the pencil was revealed to me then and there. After the drawing was completed I casually remarked that he could put his name on

it and I would requisition it, which he gracefully did.

In summing up Mr. Sargent's characteristics, I would like to point out that, first and foremost, he stood revealed to me as a sincere, simple man with a soul. His devotion to his work was almost a religious devotion. He lived and practically existed just for the privilege of working and at his studio in the Pope Building, on Sunday when the elevator was not running, Sunday after Sunday, Mr. Sargent would climb the long flights of stairs in order to work in the quiet of Sunday. He said to me: "So many people want me to do portraits and if they would only come to me on Sunday I could do something, but they are all otherwise engaged."

His kindly criticisms, his ability always to find some good thing and not harp too much on the faults, carried with it always the feeling of a great man who realizes the difficulties of an artist. He therefore interested himself in finding the good things rather than harping on the faults. Whatever his rank may be as an artist, I can unhesitatingly say from my personal experience with him, that he was a great human being with a soul.

CYRUS E. DALLIN

SOME YEARS AGO

The memory of Boston's first exhibition of watercolors by Sargent will always remain a source of inspiration and delight. It was at the gallery of the Boston Art Club that these glowing compositions were assembled to be viewed with somewhat of surprise by those who had thought of Sargent as a portrait painter only. A few of the studies now at the Museum of Fine Arts were in this first exhibition and with them many others which revealed by their sure and brilliant treatment, the power and freedom of the master. Boats gleaming in the sunshine, a gourd vine laden with golden fruit, a landscape shrouded in the smoke of a forest fire are some of the subjects

vividly remembered.

Painting in watercolor was to Sargent a pastime, a joyous relaxation from more exacting occupations. And this spirit of joyousness and freedom is apparent in all the studies; from the crisp, gray blocks in the quarry to the shifting transparent shadows on the shed with the green door.

It is only when the painter has attained perfect mastery, when correct drawing and perspective are instinctive and color relations no longer perplexing that hand and mind are free to create such vital and beautiful records of the changeful aspects of Nature.

A. M. H.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

1856 - 1925

The ancestral home of John Sargent's parents may still be seen at Gloucester, Massachusetts. It is near the center of the town and is known as the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house. It is a stately old mansion house of the Georgian period with a terraced garden stretching down to Gloucester harbor. Inside the house there are quaint fireplaces, old paneling, and a stately staircase which give it the New England sense of charm and refinement.

Sargent was born in Florence, and here he spent his early life among the sunny gardens and art treasures of Italy.

As a young man, he studied at the studio of Carolus-Duran, Paris, where he early distinguished himself as a most talented and hard-working art student. Next he was in Spain, at the gallery in Madrid where he saw Velasquez and understood. Many of the Sargent copies of Velasquez which Governor Fuller bought at the London sale, were made at this time. London offered a suitable place for a working studio, and for many years he was the most sought after painter. His portraits are the likenesses of the most important artistic and official people of his time. Although it may seem strange, there are no portraits of royalty. He made frequent trips to America, and Boston is particularly rich in collections of his art. The mural decorations in the Boston Public Library, Widener Library, and the Museum of Fine Arts give Boston rare prestige as an art center. In the London exhibition there were only about forty examples of Sargent's work, while the Boston exhibition in November will have more than a hundred of his pictures.

When F. Wright Fabyan, Jr. was posing for the charcoal drawing at Sargent's Copley Plaza apartment, Sargent was most entertaining and talkative. Looking at the mantle-place, where there was a large photograph of the painting of Asher Wertheimer (original in the National Gallery, London), he re-

marked that he considered this portrait his best painting.

While painting the portrait of Mrs. Davis and son he began to pace the floor. Mrs. Davis inquired, "What might be the trouble?" Sargent replied that he was worried about which colors to use to paint the gown of black silk. "Why not paint it black?" suggested Mrs. Davis. Sargent said, "There is no black effect on the gown and no black paint on my palette." It is difficult to believe when looking at this picture that only colors were used, for the gown of the portrait looks as if it were painted with black paint.

Sargent painted in a naturalistic manner and all his paintings are characterized by simplicity of effect, freedom of brush strokes, richness and color, and a fascinating surprise of detail. He had a marvelous sense of rhythm and balance in his compositions. He observed rightly and recorded truly the likeness of his models.

Sargent's life was cosmopolitan. "An American born in Italy, educated in France, who looks like a German, talks like an Englishman, and paints like a Spaniard," is a phrase that summed him up.

On a trans-Atlantic steamer, a group of business men, discussing who was the foremost person of this age, decided that John Sargent was the one person who would best represent this century for personal achievement—as one would say today that President Emeritus, Charles W. Eliot, is the foremost citizen and man of letters of New England.

President Lowell of Harvard University on presenting the degree of Doctor of Arts said: "John Singer Sargent, when we and all things we see about us here are seen no more, men will still gaze with wonder upon the canvas your brush touched."

DANIEL O. BREWSTER

COURTESY OF MR. BREWSTER



STEPHEN GREENE AND MRS. EDWIN FARNHAM GREENE

"Sargent belongs among the great portrait painters of all time. his pictures revealing the mysterious and unmistakable stamp of genius. In fact, everything he does shows this quality, which makes his paintings the envy of competitors, and the pride and glory of American art. He has no successful living rival, but is in a class by himself."

—William Lyon Phelps.



EDITORIAL

God so loved the world that he gave to us John Singer Sargent, that whoever looks upon his works may wonder and marvel at the heritage of the man. We should give thanks for him, for not often does God choose to bestow upon the earth a genius. Therefore, let us be alive to the opportunities of studying him, his work, and habits, for of Mr. Sargent, like all great painters and men, we cannot learn too much. As an artist, he saw clearly and registered accurately; as a man, he had a solid and upright reputation; as a genius, his works will live through the ages. Well may we admire him and say continuously, "to such ends must I strive."

Fortunately, we have within our own portals, people who came constantly in contact with the great painter. They have been willing and earnest to throw further light upon the habits, work, and life of Mr. Sargent. To them we are

greatly indebted and the Artgum offers its services and thanks in appreciation of these treasures.

A FEW WORDS TO THE FRESHMEN

During your short stay with us up to this time, you have probably begun to get a glimpse of what we, as a school, are trying to do. All artists, they say, must go through three stages. First, you must seek art everywhere and beauty in everything, learn true appreciation, and develop your tastes. Second, you need to learn how to imitate the best works, the greatest masters, and learn the lessons in Nature's Storehouse. Then later your own personality begins to express itself in that which you create. But meanwhile, strengthened by your numbers and similar purpose, you go forward, forever striving to keep your minds concentrated upon the true Spirit of Art.

BABY SPOT-LIGHTS ON PARIS UP ON THE EIFFEL TOWER

I got out of the Metro Trocadero, walked around and lo, in direct line was the tower. I never realized it was so huge; it towered above the buildings like a giant. I walked down the long spacious boulevard and crossed the bridge; along the sides were coal barges and coal heaps and I paused to watch the negroes (or was it only coal dust?) heaving high their sacks, some stripped to the waist, perspiration making their bodies glisten for it was a hot day.

I went under the tower, which is charming with gardens and benches, and bought a ticket in the office concealed within one of the interlaced iron girders and there waited for the box-like affair that took us up. Around us were the huge girders looking like so much unfinished build-

ing material. My sensations were very similar to these experienced in going up in a roller coaster; I didn't know when I was going to be thrilled. There was quite a crowd waiting—I understand this "up-riding" is popular. Slowly we filed into the car and ponderously the cables creaked and I, clinging to the window, watched our oblique ascension. It was fascinating to see the changing perspective of the world below.

We got out for a promenade on the first landing, which is 190 feet above the ground and contains a restaurant, various stands, etc. I was surprised to find a nice wide pavilion, 71 yards square. I eagerly walked around to see the city but at the second landing, which is 380 feet high, I stopped, and at the cafe

wrote these impressions.

As I found out, at the height of 587 feet, the four pillars unite; about 92 feet higher is the third landing place which is 33 feet square. The tower is 984 feet high, the highest structure in the world, for our Woolworth Tower is only 750 feet. A double lantern, in reality a huge electric search-light visible for 45 miles, crowns the tower and within is a radio broadcasting station. While I scribbled here, I saw the gleaming whiteness of the mosque-like Sacre Coeur of Montmartre on the only rise of Paris' sky line. It is intriguing to see Paris this way—the streets like so many ribbons, the clipped trees along the promenades, the square gardens symmetrically perfect extending from the Trocadero under the tower to L'ecole Militaire, called the Parc du Champs Mars, the Seine winding like a silver and green snake spotted with white scales, the coal and granite yards vaguely mysterious. I saw also, the rounded dome of the Pantheon, the two stalwart towers of Notre Dame. Oh what a climb I had to the bell-tower—I still ache all over! The chimneys on the buildings amused me; they look like so many brick flower pots turned upside down. The horizon is

very misty and the sky melts into the background veiling the distant structures in a soft haze of lavender blue. On clear days the view from the top is very extensive ranging 50 miles in one direction.

I look above me; I see the yellow and blue lights that are used for an advertisement at night, weaving on all the girders and making the tower appear like a mecca of gay amusements. They serve as a beacon light for all Paris.

People are strolling about, many with cameras; a group of Province women go by in their little white lace caps, voluminous skirts, black velvet jackets, and wine-colored aprons.

Monsieur Gustave Eiffel did a tremendous thing in creating this tower in 1889, and I appreciate it. I wandered around recognizing other edifices of note. The Trocadero looked solid and strong, the Arc de Triomphe dwarfed. An attendant told me that in all her thirty years of service this year surpassed all years in the hordes of tourists from all countries.

The descent was just as interesting. I wandered through the park leaving a long line of people waiting to go up.

JEANNE KANTOR

SARGENT'S WAY

The task of giving an estimate of John Sargent as an artist and of determining the influence of his work upon contemporary art, I leave to others.

I am writing to art students, and I believe I can best serve them by giving such an account of his attitude toward his work as will help them to better carry on their profession.

I will mention first his devotion to his work. It was an all-absorbing occupation with him. He lived in terms of art. It was not only his vocation; it was his avocation. He was always at it. Not only did he devote every day, including frequent Sundays and holidays, but if he was travelling he took occasion to make sketches on the steamer or wherever he happened to be. A string of fish, or a clothes line full of clothes, served him for a water color subject.

He did not wait for some unusual

thing to present itself. He made the usual, unusual by his manner of treating it. If he was making a week-end visit, the family would find him busily making a sketch of some neighboring subject. The corner of the veranda, an urn or a railing; everything gave him an opportunity to keep his mind and hands in training. One has but to look at the collection of watercolors at the Museum to realize how everything served as a subject for his brush. He seemed to take delight in trying difficult subjects, but never did they seem to feaze him. He once painted an alligator pool filled with these saurians basking in the sun. A more difficult subject could scarcely be conceived, yet he made a veritable masterpiece of it.

Besides working every day in his studio, he would frequently climb seven flights of stairs (the elevator did not

run Sundays and holidays) and work all day alone, often in a studio heated only by an oil stove. How easily we would have justified ourselves for absence from our work with such an excuse! He seemed never so happy as when drawing or painting, and no part of his work seemed irksome to him, nor beneath his dignity. Nothing appeared unimportant to him if it served the purposes of art. If he needed a stencil, he designed and cut it himself. No trouble seemed too much to take to produce the perfection for which he was always striving. While he was designing the signs of the zodiac for the Art Museum, he needed a scorpion, but instead of relying upon a photograph or other drawing, he must needs send to the Museum of Natural History for a specimen from which to make his own studies. It is said that when he was making the painting of "The Hermit" in the Metropolitan Museum, he sent to London for a mounted deer in order to get just the right values and color.

He was very fond of music and played the piano unusually well. This seems to have been his only relaxation from his work, but not even this was allowed to interfere with his chosen profession. He had no family and, not having the wishes of others to consider, was doubly free to follow his art.

That he did what he wanted to is manifest by the fact that although he could have painted countless portraits at fabulous prices, he chose to paint his model or his friend because they interested him.

In spite of his greatness, being recognized as one of the first painters, if not the first painter of our time, he had no lofty ideas either of his talent or his fame. He carried none of the earmarks usually associated with artists; he left them for the vanity of lesser men. Seeing him on the street, one would never guess him to be a world famous character. Being a well bred gentleman, he was naturally courteous to everyone, but

he never encouraged familiarity and never permitted visitors to interfere with his work. If a caller overstayed his time, Mr. Sargent would offer a cigarette and then go on painting as if he were alone. He was an inveterate cigarette smoker, lighting one cigarette with the remains of the last.

He was rarely, if ever, content with his results and was his own severest critic. Although his work always has the "premier coup" look, he often did work two or three times before leaving it. He would make several studies of a portrait before he started the final one, thus fixing the characteristics in his mind so that in the end he was painting largely from memory.

He would draw a hand again and again before he was satisfied, and Mr. Fox tells of his throwing down his charcoal after several unsatisfactory attempts exclaiming, "I can't draw."

That he was a talented man no one can doubt, but his industry and indefatigable energy must be taken into account as elements in his great success. Artists will disagree upon his merits as a painter, but they will all have to admit that he was a wonderful draughtsman and interpreter of character.

Many of his sitters were displeased with their portraits because they realized that he had put into them characteristics which they fondly imagined were known only to themselves. He seemed to take pleasure in discovering people's foibles and emphasizing them. Indefatigably he sought Truth no less than Art. That is why his portraits will always remain great works of art quite independent of the subject.

Every student wishes he could paint as well as John Sargent, but how many are willing to pay the price in application and industry that he paid to reach the heights? When they do, we will have more Sargents.

VESPER L. GEORGE

COURTESY OF BOSTON FINE ARTS MUSEUM

“ASTRONOMY”



“The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.”

—Cicero.

STUDY SKETCHES BY SARGENT PRELIMINARY TO FINISHED PAINTINGS



*"I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at the bottom of my heart
I wish for, if ever I wish so deep—
Do easily, too—"*

—Robert Browning.

SOME PRELIMINARY SKETCHES TO FINISHED WORK OF ROTUNDA
IN ART MUSEUM

*"I, painting from myself and to myself, Know what I do, am
unmoved by men's blame or their praise either."*

“MUSIC”



“Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.”
—Keats.

A FEW SUMMER REMINISCENCES ON JOHN SINGER SARGENT

As students of art in its various branches, we are at this period of our life passing through a state which burns with enthusiasm for the works and masters that our fancy places before us. It may better be described by the term that Carlyle has set down as "Hero-worship."

I believe that this quality exists in a more or less virile state within all of us and periodically flares forth to an almost outwardly demonstrative degree. As we stand in admiration before the work of a master, the thought of his more intimate and private life creeps up before us. His personality becomes the question of our imagination and our fancy leads us past the assumed sidelights of his daily life. We long to know of his more intimate and private life and try to perceive the answer in his material executions.

After the hero has departed from this plane of action and passed on to a world beyond, a certain amount of censored anecdotes are poured forth in timely biographies. Interesting as these are, they leave us in a somewhat hungry state, for we often wonder to what degree the man lived in a life such as we understand. We are inclined to make a superman of him.

Some few years ago I had the opportunity of giving what meager service it was in my power to give to one of the great painters of our time. To see the man at work had been my desire for years and the enthusiasm with which I greeted the opportunity is almost indescribable. Unimportant as my help (if it has been help) may have been, it nevertheless afforded me that opportunity to come in daily contact with an artist whose works have stood among the best of contemporary European and American paintings.

His ever congenial manner and the kindness with which he treated me have left a life long impression. As an interesting observer and sincere assistant, I humbly delight in giving forth the following reminiscences.

* * *

Reverently as we may turn to the master, we are primarily, as is natural, in-

terested in just the man. What did he look like, what did he do, how did he work? Our mind is almost bewildered since we seem to know so very little about him. Indeed it is said Mr. Sargent shied at society cosmopolitan though he was.

The man, John Singer Sargent was tall, stately, always carrying himself erect, shy, severe in manner, perhaps a little aloof and distant, but he was congenial; truly a strange mixture for one who held such a distinguished following.

It was in the summer of 1921 that I first came in contact with Mr. Sargent who was at that time putting the last touches to his decorations for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He had already made his preliminary sketches for the Widener Library at Harvard College.

Ushered into the studio where Mr. Sargent was at work before a huge canvas of the Sphinx and the Chimera, I, his youthful admirer, first beheld the master at work. A few moments later Mr. Sargent laid down his palette and brushes and came over to ask me whether or not I had ever posed for anyone before. I had not, but after a short consultation, Mr. Sargent gave me an appointment for that afternoon.

In the afternoon several studies were made for an allegorical figure that was to fill a lunette representing music. A floating figure with violin and bow was the thought that the artist had in mind. The model posed in various positions holding two sticks to represent the instrument and bow but nothing satisfactory was accomplished. At the close of the day's work Mr. Sargent brought out a portfolio of plate of the decorations of the Paris Opera House, and showed a picture of one of the lunettes saying, "This is the sort of thing I have in mind."

The following day Mr. Sargent complained that he should have a "fiddle" instead of the sticks as he would need the instrument especially in making studies of the hands holding it. The instrument was not available around the studio but a suggestion soon brought one in due

time from a pawn shop for a reasonable price. That afternoon two more drawings were made, neither of them serving as the final result. However, it was on the following day that Mr. Sargent conceived the figure that now adorns the ceiling of the rotunda. After carefully arranging the drapery about the seated figure, which took all of twenty-five minutes, he started to work and completed the drawing in a little more than an hour.

One only forgets the preconceived technicalities that are associated with the work of a master. Mr. Sargent took the first piece of charcoal his eyes fell upon and a bit of kneaded bread completed his working tools! It was during these periods that a singular acquaintance sprang up between artist and model, one in which congenial tastes met and exchanged opinions. Mr. Sargent questioned the young man about his work at school, under whom he had been studying, and what he intended to do later on. He also courteously answered any questions that were asked regarding American and European painters. He spoke of American landscape painting; said he thought it was "too sketchy," also thought that the European marine painter, Wylie, was the superior marine painter to any of our American painters.

That same afternoon Mr. Sargent showed a copy of the "Touch Stone Magazine" in which appeared the works of Abbott Thayer, recently deceased. Mr. Sargent remarked on the greatness of Mr. Thayer as an artist and spoke of various paintings that were reproduced in the article.

He also turned the pages to some reproductions of modernistic painters and remarked unsympathetically of them.

One or two held his attention for a few seconds, but the majority he classed as "ugly bosh."

Off and on various other drawings were made and finally one morning Mr. Sargent, with no particular theme in mind, made a drawing which now is my proud possession. In this fashion the summer passed on. I came whenever called to pose for various screens which the master desired to work on.

Then came a short interruption in the daily studio work. Mr. Sargent had decided to spend a few days at one of the Maine Coast resorts to "rest" after having completed the decorations for the Museum.

He returned within a fortnight and at once started with full vigor on the studies for the Widener Library decorations. These two panels, which were the artist's gift to that institution, represented America's part in the World War. A uniform and war regalia were gathered and the model posed in various positions in the attire of a soldier. As he worked Mr. Sargent kept up a constant conversation on various topics. He was so intensely absorbed in his work that any foreign disturbance hardly made an impression on him. For instance, some one knocked on the door that afternoon. I was about to spring down from the throne to answer the knock, but Mr. Sargent called to me to pay no attention to it and kept on working.

Thus a successful summer came to an end. The greatness of the man was constantly reflected through every action. He was as Goethe has put down in his immortal words, "Bilde, Künstler! Rede Nicht."

A. K.

"Every artist was first an amateur."

—Emerson.

"A true artist takes no notice whatever of the public."

—Oscar Wilde.

"No architecture is so haughty as that which is simple."

—Ruskin.

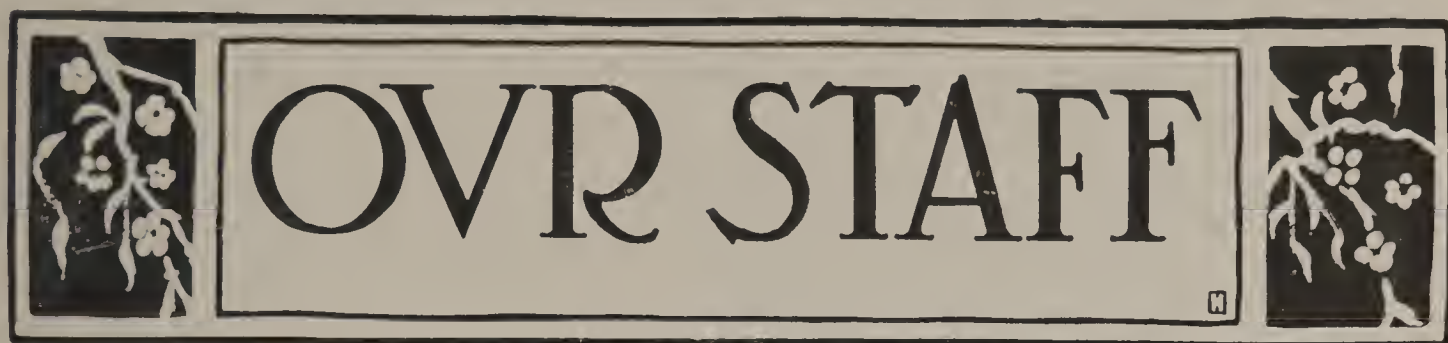
"Art should set itself a goal, which is unceasingly retiring."

—A. deRevarol.

"A library is but the soul's burial ground."

—H. W. Beecher.

"Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks."



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Vol. IV.

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No. 1

MEMORIES OF SARGENT

Notwithstanding his eminence in the field of portraits, Sargent came to hate doing them. Decoration, for the last ten years of his life, was his paramount ambition. Moreover, because he had always taken for granted his facility in representational painting, he felt a lack of equal ease in imaginative and symbolic creation. What with a frank conviction that his color sense was inadequate, this led him to develop a process of minutely thorough preparation of every detail of design and color, that nothing might be left to chance or impulse in the final painting.

He built scale models of those parts of the Museum in which his panels were to be placed, inserting therein watercolor and bas-relief sketches; made many charcoal, watercolor, oil and plaster studies in small scale of each composition, and of every individual detail in each composition. In the panels in the Widener Library he even painted full size studies in color on paper, which he tried in place before he had started on the final canvases.

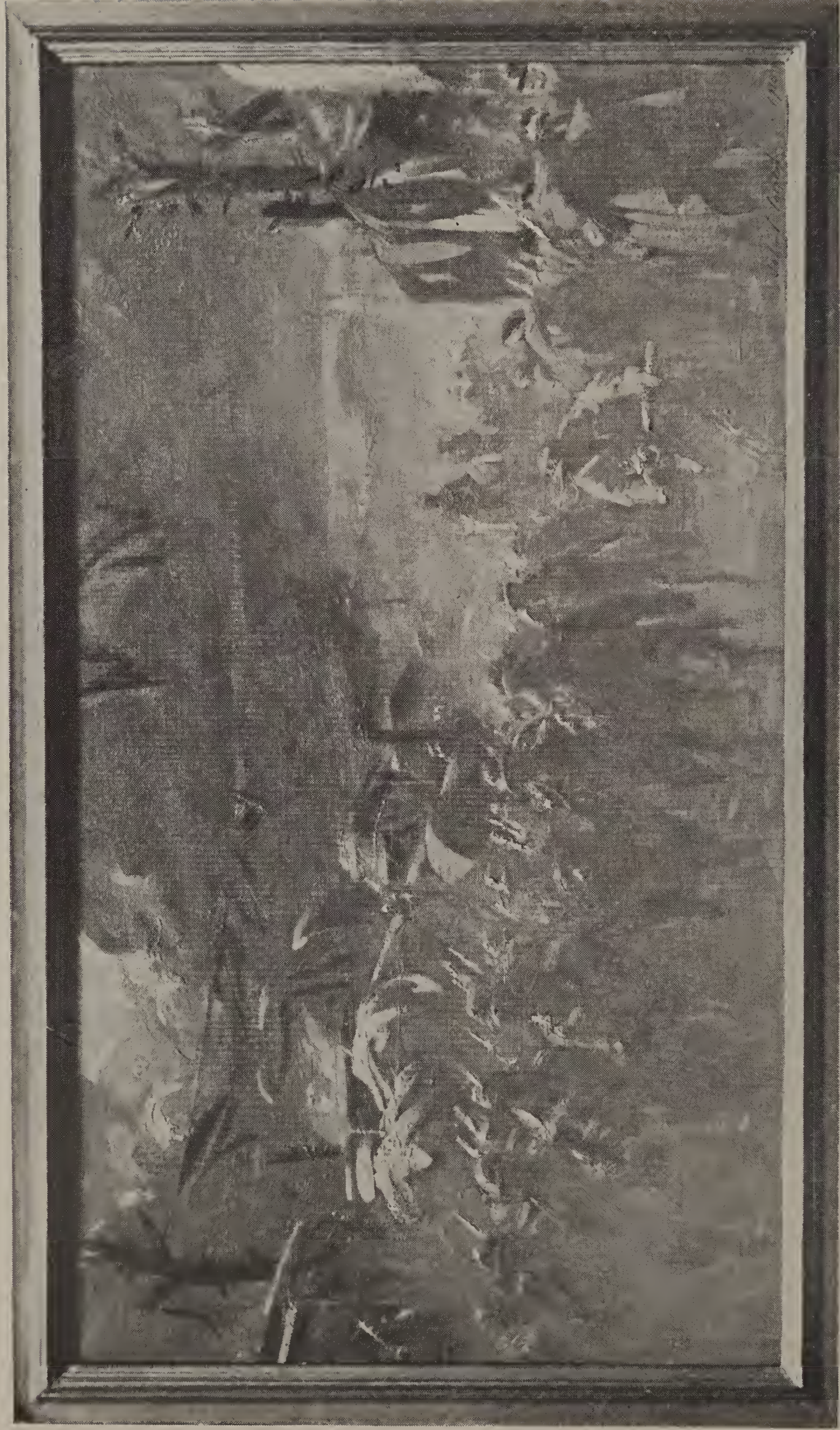
Wherefore, after spending months of preparation for a decoration, he would put through the actual painting in two or three weeks, accomplishing a surprisingly rapid piece of work in the most deliberate fashion.

In one instance, however, to my knowledge, his hesitancy regarding color led him to make a change in a panel when it was all but completed. When he had made the alterations—substituting ivory wings for red—he turned to me and said, "Now don't you think that color is less beastly?"

You all probably recall in the Museum his small portrait of a little boy, which hangs just above, or near, his sketch of marching troops. When it was first placed, he was surprised to see it again—and later asked me if I had noticed any date on it, explaining that he had not gone close enough to discover it because he disliked to examine any of his own work in public. He estimated that he had painted that at 21, and said that it

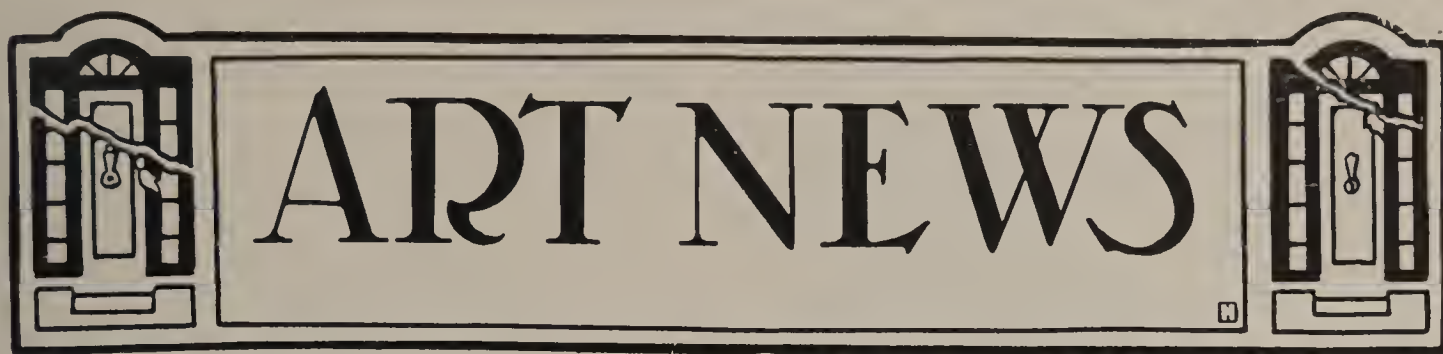
(Continued on Page 27)

"THE ROAD"



"After victory the soldier is forgotten."

Courtesy of Boston Fine Arts Museum
—Romanzot.



ART NEWS

The most remarkable exhibit of the month is that of lithographs by George Bellows at The Art Club. A man of distinctive genius, he cannot fail to interest all, even those who may prefer Watteau's garden parties to the prize fight ring. He is essentially a humorist, a very Dickens (no pun intended) in the field of Art. Bellows has his same trick of skillful caricature, not too broad, evident in *The Prayer Meeting* or the *Business Men's Gym*; his stark realism as in *The Drunk*; his keen sense of drama as in *The Law is too Slow* or *The Crucifixion*; his idealism as portrayed in his sweet sketches of *Annie*. The putting out to sea shown in one of his pictures reminds one very much of Dickens' great storm in *David Copperfield*, the same consummate power of the artist apparent in both. His chiaroscuro is at times really startling in its effectiveness as in *The Law is too Slow*. In this piece of work is a facility of touch, a sureness of purpose. The drawing is excellent also, as it is in many of his nude sketches. Bellows imparts to all his work a tremendous vitality and impregnates it with absolute sincerity, so that one cannot view it without inward response.

At the Vose Galleries is another excellent show. This is held in memoriam of a confrere of John Singer Sargent's, John Elliot. A man of great versatility he has done a mural in The Boston Public Library, illustrations for Mrs. Larz Anderson's fairy tales, portraits, landscapes and decorations. The red crayon portraits of young war heroes are the best examples of this man's work. In them he has chieftained the pinnacle of his success.

Wonderful for exquisite technique and exemplary drawing, they are yet

more remarkable for character delineation. Blessed with a highly sensitized nature, Mr. Elliot has expressed in each study its own peculiar spiritual keynote. The oil portrait of Julia Ward Howe (his mother-in-law) is painted, also, with a great deal of sincerity and sympathy. The little illustrations are imaginative, beautifully conceived and very charming. The large oil of a hazy early sunrise is an example of his landscape. Low in tone, delicate in coloring and graceful in composition; it has a definite sensuous appeal. John Elliot's work is above all, well-bred, typical of his cultural training and environment.

Robert Henri, an artist of a slightly unconventional school is showing at the galleries of Irving and Casson. Henri is like Manet in regard to his simplicity of style and straight forward way of expressing himself. Most noticeable of his characteristics is the vigor that prevades every piece. His favorite field is portraiture in which he seeks to depict not mere likenesses but spirit, expression, and feeling. Apparently his method of working is spontaneous and even thoughtless, but on examining his work, one finds that only careful consideration could have dictated the particular discrimination with which he paints and avoids all that is unessential in catching the "quintessence of the spirit." His coloring is vivid, refreshing, and in harmony with his subject. His children are especially intriguing.

Frederic Soldwedel is also exhibiting at these galleries. A lover of water, this watercolor painter has executed some absorbing water-side sketches and sea scenes. His boats are portraits, rather than simply part of a whole marine design. *The Defender*, coming before the wind is a vivid piece. At times his color

is exceedingly bright and vibrant, but at others it is pale as in a Japanese print. He shows a fine sense of patterning in his pond sketches.

At Doll and Richards is an exhibition of aquarelles by the clever Karoly Fulop, whose batiks were shown last year and excited much favorable comment. This hanging is likewise amazing in its ingenuity and design. It is poetic, fantastic and imaginative. The work of a master prolific in ideas. The coloring is very lovely and the drawing excellent though attenuated. Fulop's work produces a reaction similar to that caused by music, perhaps because of its rhythm and appeal to the emotions, and lack of actual realism.

Charles Curtis Allen has oils and watercolors at the Copley Galleries. His work is highly refined with an admirable richness and subtlety of color and a discriminating choice of subject and composition. Chocoura is a restful oil with all the repose of nature in her grandeur. The Cape Naddick marsh scenes are very characteristic of the lonely sea wastes. The winter landscapes (watercolor) in no way aggressive, picture winter not rigorous but merely beautiful.

Before the Bellow's showing, there was a members' exhibit at the Boston Art Club. Among the canvases were

many familiar ones, shown last year. Perara had some excellent works as had the clever Cosimini. The straight-forward Schmitt had two of his clever portraits on view. The two Enneking's showed landscapes, charming as usual. Mr. Cowell, of our faculty had a beautiful piece of design and painting in his Leda and the Screen. There were several good pieces of sculpture by Demetrios.

At The Guild is a hanging well worth seeing of members' work. Among those exhibited last year were Sharman's two striking works, Spring Landscape and Peonies, Ernest L. Major's flowers, the lovely brook of William Dean Hamilton, the landscape of Andrew, the portrait of Rosalind by Mrs. Page, a Philip Hale and a Goodwin. Kaula has two of his soft landscapes. There is an impeccable Paxton and an Elizabeth Paxton of a warm, shaded little house. Charles Hopkinson has a marvelously painted woman who seems to glow with life, Gretchen Rogers an effective still life, and Richard Andrew a "smiling" likeness of our own Emile. Everyone is enthusiastic about this last portrait, painted with fidelity and a good deal of understanding. Our faculty well commands our respect when we look reverently at their work.

ON DRAWING FROM A CAST OF DIANA


Diane, Diane, I humbly seek thy pardon
For striving to put down, on paper's
white
With charcoal crumbling and uncouthly
black,
Thy chaste and ever noble loveliness.

A great Hellenic sculptor once, in marble
Silvery as the sphere of thy dear moon,
Hewed out thy beauty. Cast in plaster
now
They give it us to copy, unaware
That some far genius gave thee breath
of life,
in his creative fervor over-strong.

Be not offended by our blunderings.
If we were given marble we could do
No better than we can with these base
goods.
We wise ones know no goddess such as
thou,
And no religious ecstasy there is
To lend us power to make an Artemis.

BARBARA SPOFFORD





CLASS NEWS

CONCERNING THE SENIORS

Hello's, shouts, laughter, "Where were you all summer?" "How fat you are!" "Are you married yet?"—"Oh, dear! I must rush, see you later"; hustle, bustle—and so did the Seniors gather to commence their last year of art work and to assume the dignity of their position among their fellow students.

As soon as the Freshmen were somewhat settled, the active executive board and Blanche Hart, chairman of the ushers, gave the Freshmen, (the usual descriptive adjectives omitted) a reception, September 25. Mr. Farnum addressed the assemblage and two gaily costumed figures, Jennie Brotman and Beatrice Paipert, served the punch, etc.

Class meetings are held the first Monday of every month. At the meeting October 5, several important matters were decided, the most vital being "The

Senior Masquerade," Hallowe'en Night. Thelma Sundlie is chairman, assisted by Charles Austin, Elizabeth Ashton, Marion Atkins, Marion Clark, Helen Davidson, Charles MacDonald, Reginald Kibbe and Alice Vianello.

There are no restrictions as to type or period costume. The most essential factors necessary to make "Our Masque" a memorable affair are gay hearts, light toes and flirtatious curls, that is, for the ladies. For the men, a dashing manner and gallant air. Forget not, it is the Night—leave care and problem behind; let joy and merriment reign supreme and trip the light fantastic toe for the Seniors are giving a Masquerade!

Strong and confident the Seniors are on their way giving the other classes a worthy event.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

In one way, at least, we are more generously blessed than the Seniors, for we have two more precious years to linger in our dear old school and thoughts of the time when we must stretch our wings from the nest and make new friends and memories, already make the remaining years at Massachusetts Normal Art more dear.

A few vacant places in our Class Roll remind us that Christine Clark has retreated from the ranks and is filling a commercial position.

We miss Maida Libby's golden locks from our mid-day dancing hour. She plans to leave for California before many weeks.

Mary Tobin is recovering from a surgical operation but will return to school as soon as possible.

Mark Robinson, who was among the

tardy members of our class, is now back at work after a summer in Panama.

We have lost a clever and capable classmate in Frank Van Steen, our lad from Belgium, who has always given generously of his time and talent to make the efforts of his class successful. Frank is working in New York at the present time.

Our class officers for the coming year are:

Stanley Sessler, President
Albert McGunigle, Vice President
Katherine Lincoln, Secretary
Larry Kittredge, Treasurer

We feel that the good work done by our Sophomore President, Scranton Redfield, will go on successfully under the guidance of Stanley Sessler. We hope

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SOPHOMORE NOTES

The erstwhile Freshies have returned, to don the brown smocks of the Sophomore. We knew that we had become very important—had we not started to study Perspective?—but we never entirely realized our greatness until Smock Day. It was then that we sat up as proud and puffed up as Roman emperors, idly regarding the victimized Greenies suffering on the floor. We know not by what threats and tortures Priscilla Packard and her committees had broken their proud spirits, but they certainly acted humble. Dot Currie coached the play, "The Knave of Hearts." It was exceedingly amusing, and must have entertained the upper classmen as much as it did the noble Sophs. We are proud of our successors, the Class of '29.

Dorothy has "The Knave of Hearts" in book form, beautifully illustrated by Maxfield Parrish in his most polished style. If you haven't seen it you should,

it inspired the Entertainment Committee and the Freshmen; perhaps it will you!

Now that the momentous Day of Smocks is over, the class is thinking of future triumphs. A Sophomore dance has been arranged for first Friday in December. Rosey Rosenberg is the chairman of the dance committee. There have been rumors of a kid party scattered around the school. Rosey says that it may be a Mother Goose Party with everyone in the costume of some character from the nursery rhymes. It seems that all Mr. Major's efforts are useless. The Class of '28 prefers Mother Goose's literary accomplishments to any other masterpiece in book form. Anyway, Rosey is the chairman, so we know that something very original and colorful is in store for us. Save the date, oh ye Sophs! don't miss the season's greatest sensation!

MY RUG OF PRAYER

Into my home there has come to stay
A wondrous rug from far away,
A rug of prayer from the Orient,
The land of jewels and spices and scent—
Of choice teakwood and gold brocade,
Ebony lacquer and delicate jade,—
Where 'neath the sun of an Eastern noon
The Orient weaver plies his loom.
With long, brown fingers of matchless
skill
He hastens his life-dreams to fulfill;
He gathers his herbs from every land
And dyes his silks with a master hand,
Designing and weaving his whole life
thru
With gorgeous vermillions and Orient
blue,
White of the clouds and soft, sage
green,
Sandalwood tints and the ocean's sheen
The family traditions of years he traces,
Fond dreams and hopes of Eastern races,
Reverent prayers to Allah sung—
Ardent praises from pagan tongue.

Dear gorgeous rug upon my floor,
As my good friends pass thru my door
They marvel at your wondrous hues
Your silken shimmer and sapphire blues;
Sometimes I wonder if they see
The secrets you've revealed to me,
The patient toil and loving thot
Into your skillful patterns wro't,
The dreams and faith and sweet caress
Of Orient love and tenderness.
To me you are a sacred shrine
Of distant lands in Eastern clime,
Too fair to tread with hustling feet—
Better to grace a queen's retreat,
And since you've come into my home
To grace my Silvery Lady's throne—
My thanks goes out across the sea,
To those fair lands that sent to me
From her rare jewels and spices and
scent,
A rug of prayer from the Orient

MARGARET E PAGE

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was his first real portrait commission, and that he "had labored frightfully over it."

Together with his kindly interest in the work of others this naive modesty was his strongest personal appeal to me. I remember one cold day when, it being one of our many legal holidays, there was no heat on in our studios; and leaving early, half congealed, we were walking down the seven flights, since by the same token the elevator was not running. This was prior to the first showing of the Museum decoration, and he was voicing doubts of the way the new work would be received by the public.

"I suppose," he said, "they will think I am old fashioned. And perhaps I am. What do you think of this modern stuff, any way?"

Then with a grunt of disgust, and without waiting for an answer—"The next fellow that comes along who can really draw, will knock them all into a cocked hat!"

JOSEPH GOSS COWELL

(Continued from Page 24)

that every Junior will recognize his and her duty to give the most sincere enthusiasm and support to the class activities of the year. We have much to do and we must awaken the latent talent and efficiency within our class that we may accomplish every task before us and bring honor to 1927.

SILVER SCRAPS

Anatomy: has laid open the astonishing artifices of the creator."

Antique: "To keep in sight Perfection and adore
The vision is the artist's best delight."

—Sir W. Watson.

Architecture: is frozen music."

Assembly: "Let every family meet once a day or week, for a real hearty sing will give them more pleasure than they will take all the rest of the day."

O. S. Fowler.—

Color Harmony: "There is music wherever there is harmony, order or proportion."

—Sir T. Brown.

Composition: "Ease and simplicity are ornaments to every species of composition."

Costume Design: "Dress being a compliment we owe to society, you should not show a remission therein, unless you would be thought a sloven."

—Rev. J. Trusler.

Crafts: "Work to a craftsman leads to competence, work to a scholar leads to eminence."

—N. Amherst.

Design: pervades all things, and is now more universal than life itself."

—Cornwallis.

Drawing: "Ah would that we could at once draw with the eye? In the long way from the eye to the pencil, how much is lost!"

—Lessing.

Education: "If you would have the sun continue to shed its rays of light upon the face of freemen, then educate all the children in the land. This done, startles the tyrant in his dream of power, and rouses the slumbering energies of an oppressed people."

—Jefferson.

English I: "Language is a mirror of the mind."

—J. Cornwall.

English II: "Poetry is the expression of the beautiful by words."

—J. Brown.

History, Ancient: "History is only time furnished with dates and rich with events."

—Rivaral.

History of Art: "The masters painted for joy and knew not that virtue had gone out of them."

—R. W. Emerson.

Life: "In life as in art, the beautiful moves in curves."

Mechanical Drawing: "Let us not run out of the path of duty, lest we run into the way of danger."

—R. Hill.

Pageantry: "The stage is more powerful than the platform, the press, or the pulpit."

—Anna A. Dickenson.

Painting: "The essential difference between painting and daubing, is that : painter lays not a grain more color than is needed."

—Ruskin.

Perspective: "The smallest hair throws its shadow."

—Goethe.

Psychology: "Ideas are the seeds of thot, but they do not produce flowers unless the soil where they are sown is fertile."

—Lady Blessington.

Public Speaking: "Whatever we conceive well we express clearly, and words flow with ease."

—Boileau.

Sculpture: "The conscious stone to beauty grew."

—Emerson.

Sociology: "Free discussion reveals truth."

Water Color: "Color is entangled sun light."

—Louisa S. Costello.

The Lunch Room:

"Cursed with an appetite keen I am,
And I'll subdue it—
And I'll subdue it—
And I'll subdue it—
with cold roast lamb!"

—Sir W. S. Gilbert.

The Year Book:

The committee sat and sat and sat,
'Till every sensible plan was crushed
as flat as a pancake."

—C. H. Spurgeon.

Advice to the Freshmen:

"For this is every cook's opinion,
No savory dish without an onion;
But lest your kissing should be spoiled
Your onions must be thoroughly
boiled."

—Swift.

